



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1836.

#### New Year's Day.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

[Concluded.]

'Come with me, Madeline,' she said. Madeline followed, marveling at the young lady, who, even in her love passages dared to walk in light. 'These humble persons are prompt to discern truth and rectitude, and to imbibe its influence from their superiors in station.'

In a few minutes Lizzy and her maiden were on their way to the Sixth avenue, where lived a certain widow Carey, who, with her four children, had long been blessed with Lizzy's friendship. This young lady not content with setting down her father's name as a subscriber to the widow's society, literally and most religiously obeyed the command which recognizes the first duty of the rich to the poor, and visited the widow and the orphan, and not only lightened their burdens, but partook their happiness. The poor feel a sympathy in their joys, more than the relief that is vouchsafed to their miseries, for that always reminds them of the superior condition of the bestower. Madeline, carried on her arm a basket containing substantial gifts for the Careys prepared by Lizzy's own hands, an abundance of toys for the children, contributed by the little Percivals from their last year's store.

The young Careys were all at the window, one head over another's shoulder, when Miss Percival appeared, and answered with smiles and nods to their outbreak of clamorous joy and shouts of 'I knew you would come Miss Lizzy! I told mother you would come!'

'And did I say she would not?' said the mother, while her tears and smiles seemed contending which should most effectively express her gratitude.

Lizzy had no time to lose, and she hastily dispensed her gifts; one little urchin was taught to guide, by most mysterious magnetic attraction, a stately goose through such a

pond as might be contained within the bounds of a wash-basin. His brother was shown how to set up a little village, a pretty mimicry of the building of Chicago, or any other of our wilderness towns that grow up like Jonah's gourd, and the two little girls, miniature woman, were seated at a stand to arrange their tea set and gossip with their pretty new dressed dolls,

Lizzy as she paused for a moment to look at them, was a fit personation of the Saint of a child's festival; she was not herself too far beyond the precincts of childhood to feel the glow of its pleasures, and they were now reflected in her sparkling eyes and dimpled cheek. She looked to the good mother for her sympathies, but her back was turned, and she seemed in earnest conversation with Madeline, whose eyes, as she listened, were filled with tears. 'Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Carey?' asked Lizzy, advancing and laying her hand on Mrs. Carey's shoulder.

'Ah, Miss Lizzy, it's being thankful to a gracious Providence to speak of trouble just now, and to you. These flannel petticoats and frocks,' she took up the bundle Madeline had just put down, 'will carry my children warm and decent through the winter. God bless you, Miss Lizzy.'

'But what is it troubles you, Mrs. Carey?'

'There's no use in clouding your sunshine, Miss Lizzy, this day above all others.'

'But perhaps I can drive away the clouds, so tell me all, and quickly, because you know I must be at home and dressed before twelve o'clock.'

Mrs. Carey did not require urging, her heart was full, and there was a power, in Lizzy's touch that swelled the waters to overflowing.

The story was a very short one. When the collector had come for her rent the preceding evening, he had told her that she must give up the room she occupied, at the close of the week, unless she could pay double the rent she now paid, as that had been offered by one of her neighbors. Mrs. Carey thought this a very hard case, as she had herself increased the value of the property, by

keeping thread, needles, and similar commodities to supply the neighbors, and gracing her windows with candies that attracted customers from a school in the vicinity. She could afford, she said, to pay an advance, but double the rent, she could not, and where she should go, and how she should get bread for her children, she knew not, and now she cried so bitterly, that the little objects of her motherly fears forsook their toys and gathered around her, Lizzy's smiles too were changed to tears, but she soon cleared them away, for she was not a person to rest satisfied with pouring out a little bootless salt water.

'Who is your landlord, Mrs. Carey?' she asked.

Mrs. Carey did not know his name, she knew only that he lived at a certain number, which she mentioned, in Leonard street.

'I will stop there, as I go down,' said Lizzy, 'let Johnny put on his hat and coat and go with me, and if your landlord is not cross and crusty, and hard and cold as marble, I will send you back good news by Johnny.'

'Hard and cold as marble his heart must be, Miss Lizzy, if you cannot soften it.'

Lizzy, after dismissing Madeline with domestic orders, rung at the door in Leonard street, and no informing door plate telling the proprietor's name, she inquired for the master of the house, and was ushered into the drawing room, and received by an elderly gentleman, who laid aside the newspaper he was reading, and gave her a chair so courteously that she was emboldened to proceed at once to business. She told the name of the tenant in whose behalf she was speaking, and her distress at the communication she had received from his agent, the preceding evening.

The gentleman said he knew nothing of the matter, that he confided the management of his rents to a trust-worthy person, who took good care of his concerns and never abused his tenants. Lizzy, then, with a clearness and judiciousness that astonished her auditor, stated Mrs. Carey's circumstances, and

the seeming hardships of virtually ejecting her from a tenement of which she had enhanced the value by certain moral influences, for she was sure that it was Mrs. Carey's good humor, kind tempered voice, and zeal in the service of her customers that had attracted custom to her little shop, and made it observed and coveted by her neighbors. Having laid a firm foundation in season, (the best mode of addressing a sensible man,) she proceeded to her superstructure. She described Mrs. Carey, she spoke with a tremulous voice of her past trials, and of her persevering, and as yet successful exertions to keep her little family independent of the public charities; she described the children, dwelt on the industry of these busy little bees, and the plans and the hopes of the mother, till her auditor felt much like one, who from the shore, sees a little boat's hardy company forcing their way against the current, and longs to put in his oar to help them.

'She shan't budge a foot, my dear,' said he 'not one foot,'—he rung the bell, wiped his eyes, cleared his voice, and ordered the servant who opened the door, to bring in his writing desk. The writing desk was brought, and he wrote, signed and sealed a promise to the widow Carey, to retain her as a tenant on the terms on which she had hitherto rented his apartment, so long as she regularly paid her rent.

'And now,' said he, explaining the document, and giving it into Lizzy's hands, 'tell me, my dear young lady, who you are, that come forth on New Year's morning, on such an errand, when all the girls in the city are frizzing and rigging to receive their beaux. Will you tell me your name, my dear?'

'Elizabeth Percival, sir.'

'Percival!—William Percival's daughter, William Percival, who lives at the corner of Broadway and ——— street?'

'Yes sir,' she replied, smiling at the stranger's earnestness.

'Extraordinary! most extraordinary!' he exclaimed, and added as if thinking aloud.

'I can understand, now—he should——'

'Good morning, sir,' said Lizzy, 'I wish you as happy a new year as your kindness has made for others,' as she was turning away with the suspicion that her host was under the influence of a sudden hallucination, when he seized her hand. 'Stop, my dear child,' he said, 'one moment—never mind, you may go now—I think—don't promise—but I think I shall see you again to day. It is good—did not you say so?—to make people happy on the new year. Good bye, my dear child, God bless you.'

Lizzy gave the precious paper into Johnny's hands, and carefully noting the number of the house, she hurried homeward, resolv-

ed, at the first convenient opportunity, to ascertain the name of its singular and interesting proprietor. There was something in his countenance that together with his prompt and most kind answer to her petition, made a deep impression on her heart.

But she had no time now to speculate on her new acquaintance, it was not far from twelve o'clock, and that, as we all know, is the hour when the general rush of visitors begins on new year's day.

Lizzy's toilet was soon despatched. We wish all young ladies, would, like her, take advantage of the period of freshness, bloom, roundness and cheerfulness, and not waste time and art in vying with (and only obscuring) the inimitable adornments of nature. Sure we are, that in the visiting rounds of this great city, no lovelier group was seen, than that in Mr. Percival's drawing room, our friend Lizzy the mother, sister, presiding over it.

From all that appeared, to offer the customary salutations of the season, Lizzy's thoughts often turned to him who did not come, who could not, must not, but she indulged a hope natural to the young and good (and therefore happy) that all would yet be well, and she met the greetings of the day with a face lighted with smiles, and a spirit of cheerfulness befitting them. Mr. Percival's family being one of the oldest in the city, one of the most extended in its connexions and one of the few that have been resident here for several generations, their visitors were innumerable, and a continued stream poured in and poured out, emitting in its passage the stereotyped sayings of the season, such as,

'Many returns of this happy season to you, Miss Percival—may you live a thousand years, and as much longer as you desire!'

'A fine old custom this, Miss Percival, transmitted by our Dutch ancestors.'

This staple remark was made and often reiterated by some profane interloper, who had not a drop of the good old Dutch blood running in his veins; alas, for the fallen dynasty!

'A custom peculiar to New-York and Albany, they have tried to introduce it into other cities, but it is impossible to transplant old usages, and make them thrive in a new soil.'

'Charming custom,' exclaims an elderly friend, kissing Lizzy's offered cheek, and heartily smacking the children all around, 'it gives us old fellows privileges.'

'Uncommonly fine day, Miss Percival, much pleasanter than last new year's day, but not quite so pleasant as the year before.'

'What a happy anniversary for the children! a lovely group here, Miss Percival, and the prettiest table, (looking at that on which the toys were spread,) I have yet seen.'

'I guess why,' replied little Sue, casting a sidelong glance at the speaker through her dark eye lashes, 'nobody but us, has a sister Lizzy.'

'Do you keep a list of your visitors, Miss Elizabeth.'

'In my memory, Sir.'

'Ah, you should not trust to that, you should have the documents to show. Mrs. M. last year had two hundred on her list, and Mrs. H. one hundred and eighty, exclusive of married men.'

Lizzy was quite too young to make any sage reflections on the proteous shapes of vanity. She laughed and said she cared only for the names she could remember.

'What a splendid set out has Mrs. T.' exclaimed an enthusiastic lover of the fine arts, that minister to eating and drinking 'oysters and sandwiches, chocolate, coffee, wines, and whiskey punch.'

'Whiskey punch! I thought!—Lizzy ventured modestly to say, 'was banished from all refined society.'

'Shockingly vulgar, to be sure—mais, chacum a son gout.'

'Mrs. L. has a most refined entertainment, champagne and cakes, upon my word, nothing but champagne and cakes.'

'Ah but you should have seen the refreshments at the Mrs. C's, quite foreign and elegant, (this opinion judiciously delivered by a youth who had been once over the ocean, on a six weeks agency to Birmingham,) soup pates de foie gras, mareschino, etc. etc.'

'Is my cousin well to day?' asked Lizzy, 'I hear she does not receive her friends.'

'Tie up the knocker, John she said,  
Say to my friends I'm sick I'm dead.'

But between ourselves, my dear Lizzy, the draperies to the drawing room curtains are not completed, that's all.'

While some practised and ultra fashionable visitors were merely bowing in and bowing out, some other young gentleman, more ambitious, or more at leisure than the rest, made flights into the regions of original remark. One admired Miss Percival's bouquet, commented on the triumphs of man's (especially that rare individual florist Thorburn's) art over the elements, and noted some very pretty analogies between the flowers and the children. Another lauded the weather, and said that nature had, last of all the publishers, come out with her annual, and the gentleman had found it 'a Book of Beauty.'

The morning wore on. Mr. Percival returned to his house, having made a few visits to old friends, and claiming as to the rest his age's right of exemption. He sat down and pleased himself with observing his daughter's graceful reception of her guests. Her cordiality to humble friends, her modest and quiet demeanor to the class technically



yclept beaux, and her respectful, and even reverential manner (a grace, we are sorry to say, not universal among our young ladies) to her elders. In proportion as Mr. Percival's heart overflowed with approbation and love for his daughter, he was restless and dejected. The ring had revealed her unchanged affection for Henry Stuart, and he began to perceive that there was a moral impossibility in her withdrawing that affection in compliance with his will. He felt too, that his absolute will was no reason why she should; Harry Stuart deserved her, and he was obliged in his secret heart to acknowledge himself the only obstacle to their happiness—happiness so rational! so well merited!

They were most uncomfortable reflections to a father, essentially good hearted, though sometimes the slave (and victim as well as slave) of a violent temper. It was no wonder that he exclaimed, in reply to a passing remark, 'that this was a charming anniversary, so many new friendships begun, so many old ones revived.'

'Pshaw, sir, that is mere talk, you may as well attempt to mend broken glass with patent cement, as broken friendships with a New Year's visit.'

'O, Percival, my dear friend,' interposed a contemporary, 'you are wrong. I have known at least half a dozen terrible breaches healed on New Year's day. Depend on't these eminences from which we can look forward and backward—these mile stones in life which mark our progress, are of essential service in our moral training. One does not like, when he surveys his journey to its end, to bear on with him the burden of an old enmity.'

'It is a heavy burden,' murmured Mr. Percival, in an under tone. Lizzy caught the words, and sighed as she made their just application.

'Mr. Percival,' said a servant, 'there's a gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library.'

'Show him into the drawing room.'

'He says his business is private, sir.'

'This is no day for business of any sort,' grumbled Mr. Percival, as he left the room, in no very auspicious humor for his visitor.

The morning verged to the dinner hour. Miss Percival's last lagging visitors had come and gone, but not among them had appeared, as she had hoped from his intimation, the kind landlord who had so graciously granted her the boon she asked, and whose manner had excited her curiosity.—'There was something in his face,' she thought, 'that impressed me like a familiar friend, and yet I am sure I never saw him before—heigho! this new yearing after all is tedious when we see every one but the one we wish most to see—I wonder if papa will let me continue to

wear this ring—if he should'—the meditation like many a one, more or less interesting, was broken off by the ringing of the dinner bell. Her father did not answer to its call.—The children forsook their toys and became clamorous. The bell was re-rung. Still he came not. Lizzy sent a servant to inquire how much longer the dinner must wait. The servant returned with a face smiling all over and full of meaning, but what it meant Lizzy could not divine, and before he could deliver his answer, the library door was thrown open, and within, standing beside her father, she saw the landlord, her morning friend, and behind them stood Harry Stuart. All their eyes were directed towards her, and never did eyes old or young, look more kindly.

'Come here, my dear child,' said her father.—Lizzy obeyed—'keep your ring Lizzy, and give Henry Stuart your hand; as far as my leave goes, it is his for life.'

'What can this mean,' thought Lizzy, confounded and not restored to her senses, by her lover seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips in the presence of a stranger. Her father interpreted and replied to the embarrassment and amazement expressed in her countenance.

'This gentleman is Harry Stuart's father, Lizzy! we were once friends, and are again, thank God. I have been a fool, and he has been—foolish. Now look up boldly, my girl, and give him a kiss, and I will explain the whys and the wherefores afterwards.'

The story afterwards most frankly told, was very like the stories of most quarrels among honest men. It had originated in mutual mistakes, and been aggravated and protracted by suspicion and pride, till the morning of the New Year, when conscience was awakened by the thrilling voice of that anniversary, and all the good feelings stirred by the charities of the season, and when Lizzy, like a dove of peace, was guided by Providence to the presence of Harry Stuart's father, and fairly made a perch upon his heart. After a little reflection, he obeyed the impulse the sight of her sweet face, and the revelation of her character had given him, and availing himself of the privileges of the day, sought an interview with Mr. Percival. Mutual explanations and mutual concessions followed, and when nothing more remained to be explained or forgiven, Harry Stuart was sent for, and Lizzy admitted to the library, and the day ended with a general acknowledgment that this was to those reconciled friends, and united lovers, the happiest of all happy New Years.

HE must have been a most impudent hypocrite who first wrote, 'I am, sir, your most obedient, most humble, devoted servant.'

### The Heiress with the Pretty Foot.

'BYE the bye, are you a marrying man?' said Charles Russell to his bachelor friend, Frederick Somerville, as they discussed a cool bottle together at the Star and Garter, at Richmond.—'Bye the bye, Fred, are you a marrying man?'

'My dear Charles, with a patrimony of one hundred a year, and an allowance from my aunt of a second, for gloves and shoe strings, how can I entertain such an idea? But why do you ask?'

'Because I have just heard a strange whim which my cousin Ellen has taken into her head: 'pon my soul, if she perseveres in it, I should like some good fellow like yourself, who will take care of her and her couple of thousands a year, to be the eccentric partner.'

Fred's curiosity was now raised. He entreated to be made acquainted with this strange whim; and a fresh bottle having been placed before the two friends, it was not long before the generous operation of the wine, and our friend Fred's inquiries, prevented Russell from burthening himself any longer with the secret.

And the secret was this: Ellen Cameron, a high spirited and self willed girl of two and twenty years of age, and an unincumbered income of as many hundreds, having been disgusted at the treatment which a fair relative had received from one whom, after an attachment of some years she had made her husband, vowed that, if she ever married it should be to a man to whom she should be introduced, for the first time, at the altar where she was to become his bride.

It was a strange idea, doubtless; but young girls, who are mistresses both of themselves and their fortunes, are apt to have strange notions. Ellen was one of these. With a good heart, an excellent understanding, and a cultivated taste, she had just so much of oddity in her disposition as prompted her to make and enabled her to persevere, in this extraordinary determination.

The strangeness of the notion seemed to possess charms for the somewhat romantic mind of Somerville, who, having inquired as narrowly into the state of the case as Russell's relationship to the lady would admit, expressed himself willing, could she be prevailed on to accept him, to undergo the ceremonies of introduction and marriage at the same moment.

'But tell me, my dear Russell, do you know any thing objectionable in her temper or disposition.'

'Nothing, upon my word, Fred. No woman is perfect, and Ellen has her failings; but, despite certain eccentricities and peculiarities, I do believe you would live very happily together.'

'But, my dear Russell. I always vowed I never would marry even an angel if she exhibited a *superabundance of foot and ankle*. Tell me—has my fair incognita a pretty foot?'

'On my word, she has—*there is not a fellow to it, I can assure you*. But, I tell you what, although it is most unfair to Ellen—yet I will let you into a secret: she will be at the opera to-morrow night—you may get a peep at her there.'

Full particulars of what box she was to occupy, together with other means of identifying her, were asked and given. The following night saw Fred at the opera, before Spagnoletti's magic tap had given the signal for the commencement of the overture. His eyes were instantly turned upon the box that was destined to contain the object of his search—but that, of course, was empty. During the whole of the first act of the opera his attention was riveted to that spot, but not a soul broke in upon its solitude.

During the divertissement which followed, and exhibited attractions so powerful as to seduce the eyes of our hero from the object on which they had so long been fixed, the box was filled; and when Fred turned his eyes again in that direction he felt convinced that the most prominent personage which it contained was the eccentric Ellen.

His glass was now directed for some momentous minutes to the box, and when he removed it to return the salutation of his friend Russell, who now approached him, he was muttering to himself, 'By heavens! she is certainly a fine girl!' Nor did he exhibit any selfishness with regard to this feeling—he never attempted to keep it to himself, but instantly confessed as much to Russell.

'She is certainly a very fine girl.—Can't you introduce me to your cousin my dear friend?' said he.

'Then the two thousand a year have no charms for you Fred,' was the reply.

'Faith! but they have, though, and so has your cousin; therefore, the sooner you speak a good word for me the better.'

Whether or not Charles, who adjourned to his cousin's, introduced the subject of his friend's admiration of her that evening, we cannot take upon ourselves to assert; but certain it is that Ellen's opera glass was, for the remainder of the night much more frequently directed to the part of the pit which was occupied by her aspirant than any other.

The subject was introduced, however, at some period, and, after sundry blushings and hesitations, Russell's wooing in his friend's name sped favorably; and six weeks after the eventful dinner at Richmond, saw a traveling chariot, with four of Newman's quickest, draw up at St. George's, Hanover-square, and deposit at the snug and sly vestry door

the bridegroom expectant of Ellen Cameron and her twenty-two hundreds per annum.

Here he was met by his friend Russell, whose obvious confusion and anxiety could not escape the notice of Fred. Somerville. He was about to inquire into the cause which produced this effect, when he was prevented by the arrival of the bride.

He would have flown to assist her from her carriage, but Russell seized him, and motioning him to withdraw, succeeded in leading him into the body of the church—not, however, before he had discovered that his intended had a very pretty foot, which was certainly without its fellow—*for he saw she had but one!* He was at first bitterly enraged at the deception which had been practised upon him, but Russell soon calmed his irritation by a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

Well assured of Fred's worth and his cousin's amiability he had felt convinced in his own mind that their union would prove a happy one: but the circumstance of Ellen having unfortunately been deprived of one of her legs, he feared, would prejudice Fred against her. His anxiety for the happiness of both parties had tempted him, therefore to conceal this fact; for knowing as he did, Fred's devotion to a pretty foot, he feared lest this enthusiastic admiration of the *extreme* of feminine beauty should lose him an amiable and wealthy woman, had he been told at once that although she had a singularly pretty foot, she had but one!

That this explanation was satisfactory we have asserted already, and it was made evident by the fact of the worthy clergyman being called upon immediately to perform the matrimonial service, to say nothing of the worthy clerk receiving triple fees upon the occasion.

The marriage created a good deal of attention at the time, and many ill natured jokes were cut upon the parties; but they heeded them not, and have been rewarded for it by a succession of many happy years. One of these malicious witticisms only will we record:

'So Fred. Somerville has married a woman of property I hear—old of course,' said a young guardsman at Brook's.

'Not exactly old,' was the answer, from a quondam rival of Fred's—'not exactly old, but with one foot in the grave.'

'SAM,' said a gentleman who wished to know the state of his neighbor's health, 'go across the street, and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Smith are.'

The servant doing as required, returned the following answer:

'Mr. Smith's compliments, and says he is about 70 and Mrs. Smith about 65'

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

### London and its Associations.

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

THE beautiful Corinne touches a true chord in the bosom of a traveler when commenting to Oswald upon her secret pleasure in repeating the names of celebrated foreign objects. Nor is the sentiment confined to the broken grandeur of Rome. In it the happiness of traveling largely consists. The Alps, the Mediterranean, Spain, Italy—each word, to the approaching stranger, is imbued with a certain delight and pride. There is even a triumph in the achievements of a traveler. He grows with what he sees. His mind acquires a self-imagined stature, and his fellow-creatures diminish to pignies. Mankind, to his omnipresent eye, shows like bees on a carpet. He has straddled over them like the colossus. He has stalked through millions of them, as if they had been pismires—whole nations and languages in a day. His foot has been in Paris and Jerusalem, in Canton and in Quito. He has laid one hand on the polar ice, the other on the equatorial desert. The very globe has become his toy. He has literally measured its ample sides, and sat astride upon its huge back, as if it had been his steed.

My itinerant ambition is enlarged indefinitely. Had fortune blessed me with wealth and leisure, I should certainly employ many more years in this delightful game with space and history. I am now burning with a fever for Egypt, Palestine and Arabia. You must not be surprized to learn that I have joined the Bedouins of the desert, that I am installed in the camp of some civil Emir, or that I am accompanying a flock of sheep and camels to the same springs and pastures which attracted the cotemporaries of Mahomet or of Moses.

Of all the places which we have visited, few excite such a powerful charm over my mind as London. Even among the many consecrated scenes of the continent—the antique monuments, lonely ruins and icy mountains, the renowned seas, bloodstained plains, and cities so brilliant in history and romance—perhaps the attractive associations of London to the mind of an American cannot be deemed of inferior interest. For days I have wandered through her gloomy fogs and smoky streets, noting the dim outlines of her huge and cumbrous structures, musing by the Tower, the Abbey, Westminster-hall, and St. James's; gazing over the balconies of the colossal bridges; marking, from various remote points, the dark dome of St. Paul's dominating the whole, all merged in soot and smoke; or, pausing by the stone against which



Jack Cade struck his staff, crying, 'Now is Mortimer lord of the city?'

The history of England is more familiar, or at least nearer to us, than that of any other country. We have a sympathy with it. Her literature has entered more deeply into our minds. Our common language places us more perceptibly upon a level; and, in addition, we cannot forget that, until a few years, her history was our own. The fact that we have been born away from her, only enhances her charm. Distance 'lends enchantment to the view,' and the difference of our own institutions, and the structure of our government and society, also heightens, in a singular degree, the perception of the picturesque in her annals and literature. The measureless extent of London forms an adequate field for the rambles of an American addicted to reverie, and I have enjoyed this idle species of pleasure to a degree approaching enchantment as nearly in the thronged streets of the British metropolis, as amid the unpeopled roads and theatres of the eternal city. I know not where more dreams may be woven than along the worn thoroughfares of London. A thousand spots seem haunted with the ghost of knight and noble, king and queen; and I love to seek them in the hour of twilight, as much alone and wrapped in the past, as if I were a ghost myself. The necromancy of this is strengthened by the solitude of a stranger amid the millions; by the striking novelty of what he sees; its freedom from commonplace associations, and the fact that he is engaged in no *business* (that awakener from pleasant reveries) with the crowds or places about him.

In the course of my preambulations, I am ever coming upon some fine old remnant of history; an edifice, a street, a statue, or square. In this way you acquire a magical companionship with the immortal beings who are gone. It is strange to say to myself, as I rove, 'Here Elizabeth walked, yonder the lion-hearted Richard was crowned, these walls and turrets were raised by the eighth Harry. There Charles turned his last look on the sky. The train of the haughty Wolsey swept along yonder garden.'

London is a sea of associations. Leaving the present realities, as it were, upon the surface, you go down into the depths of the past; and you are imbued with the spirit of people and things long gone by. True, these are but dreams. But under their operation, the mind acquires an intensity of existence for its own conjurations, which seem more firm than reality itself. *That*, in truth, becomes the *dream*. Even the reality, with the ceaseless thousands, with the roar rising broadly up to heaven, is in fact gliding away; while the magnificent forms of the past, as they are now, shall ever be—their earthly

existence, immortal at least in the world of history and sculpture.

I have had in Europe, indeed, little comparative companionship with the present. I am rarely in the mood to enjoy society. A spectral world of other ages, is continually going on around me. At the theatre I see the wits, poets, and beaux of the past. Upon the stage the immortal Garrick, the majestic Siddons stalk among the performers. Amid the rush of the thousands through the streets, I behold Essex and Elizabeth, Raleigh and Richard, the Norman William, the fiery eighth Henry, Mary wrapt in malignant gloom, the lofty and destined Charles, Cromwell with his pious band of regicides, Pitt, Burke, and Wilkes, Junius and Fox. I stood the other day an hour by *Temple-bar*, watching the throngs that passed through its narrow arches. In the various forms which met my eye, I could imagine hundreds of the great and immortal whose mantles have brushed its worn and venerable stones. The portly author of the *Rambler* went gloomily under its arch, and Pope stole by, and John Milton and Thompson lost in thought, and the learned Gibbon and Goldsmith, and the shapes of every age swept on together, for my mind had no time to refer them to their respective eras; and at length sweet Will Shakspeare glided slowly on, musing on some of his unwritten plays, *Macbeth*, peradventure, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Othello*. Ha! He stops. He folds his arms. He looks up at the black and age-worn sculpture which has been washed for so many years with the fogs of heaven, and often with dripping gore from the heads of the bravest of England. He seems lost in thought. Could I but catch his eye. Will! Will Shakspeare! Pshaw! It is but some youthful stranger musing like myself on this antique relic, and moralizing upon the millions who, century after century, have gone through its silent gate.\* It would take me a life time to become a mere commonplace mortal in these old London streets. If I sometimes forget myself, or rather remember myself, I find that I am walking by Tyburn, or Tower-hill—places renowned in history for so many executions; or, I look up, and lo! there is Bedlam, or Newgate, or Northumberland-house, or Guildhall, or the Bank, or the Royal Exchange, or Billingsgate, or Fleet-prison, or the Tower, or any other of the innumerable names interwoven in my memory with many a quiet hour of reading.

I have certainly never enjoyed the pleasures of walking so much as in London. In the first place, in all the continental cities no accommodation whatever, or the most slight

\* I am aware that this gate was erected after Shakspeare's time, but the image of the poet would not await the assent of chronology to intrude upon my reverie in this spot.

and inadequate, is given to the pedestrian. Our convenient and secure side-walks are rarely to be found. In London, as in our American cities, proper pavements are provided for pedestrians, and these street wanderings have been among the most agreeable gratification of my visit abroad, a gratification enhanced by my comparative familiarity with the particular history of every thing I see, or, at least, with the ready means of information ever at my command. Half our old nursery tales, as well as the traditions and stories of our later years, are of London; and there is a delightful charm in coming continually upon tokens which recall those boyish traditions. The hugh St. Paul's, and the slender monument, are among the very first images of my infant memory; and now I cannot gaze on them thus palpably present, rising indistinctly through the murky fog, without a sweep of recollections half ludicrous and half mournful. The imagination, too, is perpetually excited. Here you are shown the site of a tavern much frequented by the wits of the reign of Charles the Second. In another place is the Talbot inn, and over the entrance the following inscription:—'This is the inn where Geoffrey Chaucer, Knight, and nine-and-twenty pilgrims, lodged in their journey to Canterbury, in 1383.' In a third is the tavern in which tea was first sold, 'as the certain cure of every disease.' The house occupied by Peter the Great remains near the Strand; many vestiges of the old Roman wall are visible. The 'London stone,' which I believe I have previously mentioned, is one of the oldest relics of the metropolis, having been known before the time of William the first. Then imagine the additional pleasure of a ramble which conducts you to the house once inhabited by Franklin, Penn, Byron, Wesley, Cromwell, Johnson, Jane Shore, Oliver Goldsmith, (where he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*), Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, and I know not how many other men more interesting after all to us than Cicero or Cæsar. Then the site of the Boar's-head tavern, and the Globe theatre, and the Bear garden so celebrated in the time of Elizabeth, and Grub-street, and Cook-lane, and Dolly's city house in the time of the Tatler. I have not enumerated (of course) a hundredth part of the spots and buildings rendered interesting to the stranger by the former residence of celebrated men; but perhaps having mentioned any, I should not omit those of Voltaire, (while in London,) Beaumont and Fletcher, Butler, Prior, Richardson, Steele, Hoyle, Sheridan, Stern, Pope, and Cowley. I do not know what particular features in this metropolis may strike others, but I find in these unobtrusive remnants of the past, the strongest, the most delightful, the most melancholy attractions. The splendid parts of

London are modern and destitute of association. That which is generally most admired, has for me the least charm. But the older part of 'the city' irresistibly draws my steps away from the pomp of wealth and the glare of fashion.

After having roamed through and through, around and across the lordly and thronged thoroughfares, the measureless suburbs, the steep hills and plains, the broad parks and squares, the narrow alleys, and most of the streets of this mammoth metropolis, we are anxious to survey from a height and at a glance the whole scene. Behold me, then, at the summit of St. Paul's, looking down from that stupendous altitude upon a dim plain, encircled only by the horizon, with a beautiful river winding in abrupt and graceful bends and gleaming splendidly through the hazy air, a wilderness, an ocean, a chaos of houses, fused into one indistinct limitless mass by the fog, smoke, and distance; the fragments of cupolas, domes, steeples, towers, monuments and bridges, faintly discoverable through the mist, and the roar of a million and a half of my fellow-beings, from a space of miles and miles, ascending solemnly to heaven—the eloquent voice of the hugest city of the globe. I was looking down on England. I was looking down on *London*. Indefinite it was and confused, baffling my attempts to trace its proportions, but its very darkness invested it with the sublimity of a vision. I gazed from the aerial altitude, and felt what a thrilling thing it was to *travel*. I recalled the turbid passions and vicissitudes of this very leviathan which now lay bristling and roaring at my feet. I pictured it, torn with civil war, and threatened with foreign invasion. Through the mist, close on my right, I could descry Smithfield marketplace, where catholic and protestant had suffered by turns at the stake, lighted by the hand of religious fury. I could see Westminster Abbey, and Hall, the Parliament-house, etc. I could immediately beneath me distinguish Ludgate-hill, leading to the Strand, the thoroughfare through which king and queen, warrior and statesman, traitor, petitioner and mayor, had so often passed and repassed from the city and the prison, to the parliament, the palace, and the court. A series of centuries rolled slowly before my imagination with their startling events and vivid characters. What scenes have occurred beneath those stacks of chimnies, from the landing of Cæsar, till the oppressions of the throne drove a part of its subjects across the ocean to the rock of Plymouth and the freedom of America. It was with a pleasure more than lively, that I glanced over the ample dimensions of this mighty and famous London. This, then, is the gigantic enemy, to contend against whose injustice and

power, the founders of America girded on the sword. On one side a broken outline of a gray building mark the Tower. Had the colonies yielded, those walls would have enclosed *Washington*, and his more than Roman compeers; there the axe which had freed the souls of heroes, traitors and queens, of Essex, Gray, and Anna Boleyn, would have laid the sacred head of our hero and father—the nearest approach to perfection that history records—low in the unhonored dust. If the wish of an obscure individual could affect the destiny of nations and the purpose of Providence, the prayer that broke involuntarily from my bosom, leaning thus over that misty extent, would guide the country, so favored in its youth, only through scenes of peace, freedom, happiness and increasing virtue.

It is nearly impossible to see London from St. Paul's, or the monument, even were the atmosphere naturally that of the *campagna*. It is not only fog, which for the greater portion of the year, and of the day, shrouds the view, but the coal smoke spouted from thousands of chimnies, steamers, and factories, darkens the air with heavy soot. I was peculiarly struck with the *blackness* of every thing on first entering London by the river. The banks seemed hung with the sable drapery of the hearse—a strong contrast to the unclouded sky and climate of Italy. In order to procure a satisfactory prospect from a height, you are obliged to rise before day-break and avail yourself of the brief interval from that moment until the smoky vomitings of the innumerable fires again overcanopy all things. The idea of riding four or five miles (for even so far from the cathedral is the 'west end,' the section where strangers usually reside) and mounting the insecure and toilsome ascent before day, is rendered more discouraging by the chance, at all hours existing, that, after your exertions, the fog may disappoint your wish. The difficulty of procuring this splendid view, would be lamentable indeed but for the substitute in the colosseum, Mr. Horner's panorama. The edifice was erected for the purpose of this exhibition, and itself amply rewards a visit, striking the eye with a simple grandeur that recalls the Pantheon of Agrippa. The painting itself is said to surpass in extent everything of the kind hitherto attempted, occupying forty thousand square feet, or nearly an *acre* of canvass; and its minute accuracy is a theme of universal admiration and wonder. The illusion is delightful. The mist, smoke, and general indistinctness of the first glance admirably illustrate the reality, and perhaps for a few moments disappoint the hope of the spectator; but, as he leans from the balcony over the expanse of distance, stretching away on every side like the *campagna* or the

ocean, bounded only by the circling horizon, he gradually yields to the complete enchantment of his position. The spot on which he stands, and the balcony from which he gazes, are contrived to represent the summit of St. Paul's, on the lofty top of which he is supposed to be. He beholds, directly beneath his eye, the broad roundure and back of the dome, angles of the sable roof, and the pinnacles of the subordinate cupolas, and the deception of the scene is thus carried to the very spot occupied by his foot, and the pillar which his half trembling hand grasps for support. Not only did I continually forget myself during the several hours of our stay, but from the growing reality of the prospect, and the slight sensation of giddiness, of which I was occasionally conscious, I found it almost impossible to persuade my imagination that we were not actually in the clouds, gazing abroad through fields of empty air, and over miles of housetop and steeple, street, square, park and palace, and a hundred, a thousand spots consecrated by history and the spirit of the past. A rush of mingled emotions swept through my mind; and it required a short time for this sudden and pleasing excitement to subside before I could enter calmly into an examination of the minute details. The identity of the scene is strengthened by the fact that the reality itself lies immediately around, and may be seen from the roof of the building in which you are, and that the roar which yet reaches your ears proceeds from the very spots and objects delineated in the picture. After a brief examination, the mass of haze, smoke, roof, and chimnies blended together into a chaos, confused, and apparently inextricable, brightens upon the eye like the interior of a shadowed apartment to one entering from the sunshine. Each moment as I gazed, the illusion became more magical. The skillful artist in the characteristic canopy of haze and smoke, has artfully created a texture dense in the first moment, but transparent and penetrable to the more accustomed eye. The stranger has, thus, placed immediately within his reach at every hour and season, and at a trifling expense of time or money a certain *coup d'œil* of the metropolis.

## MISCELLANY.

### A Sketch.

A MOTHER was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch, of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings, and that smile, which beams from



the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then, as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, might be touched with sudden decay, and go back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned.—And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passion, and the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that he who was the fountain of all purity, would preserve those whom he had given her in their innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them, invested, from His hands as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood behind the infant sleepers. 'I am death,' said the specter, 'and I come for these thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you depreciate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them from contamination and decay.' A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the specter.

### The Best Way to be Happy.

NEVER sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is not the way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep the mind active, and depend upon it this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Who are the poor? are they the industrious? Those who labor provided their gains are small, have generally a feeling of independence with that little, akin to the rich man's treasure.

Who are the unhappy? Are they not those who are inactive, and sit still and tell us, if fortune had only thrown this and that in their way, that they should have been far happier?

It seems to me that there is a great defect in the conduct of the unfortunate. If we are

deprived of ordinary resources, instead of looking round and substituting other things, are we not prone to sit down and mourn what we have lost? This deadens the energies, kills the activity of our nature, and makes us useless drones when we should be working bees.

Besides this, indolence sets fancy at work, and presently we imagine ourselves to be in a condition that we are unfit to work. We get the habit of observing the changes in the wind, we feel our pulses, look at our tongues, and in a short time become regular dyspeptics. Industry, then preserves health as well as happiness.

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1835.

**SMALL THINGS.**—We were as much surprised at receiving a letter from the editor of the 'American Magazine,' Boston, subjecting us to eighteen cents postage, as he could well be at our trifling omission of giving credit to that work for the biography of 'Capt. John Smith,' which appeared in our last number. Criminal omission we are sure it cannot be called, as we have always endeavored to give credit for such articles as we have deemed worthy of transferring to our columns to whom credit was due; and if at any time we happen to omit it, we are always ready to rectify our mistake; but such a petty imposition as subjecting us to postage on account of what he must have known was at most an unintentional error, is in our opinion beneath the dignity of an editor or a gentleman, whatever may comport with his Boston notions. Thus much we say, presuming we had been in fault, which in this case we think will not be laid to our charge. The editor will not pretend to say that all the contents of the Magazine are original, if so, we can point him to some that we know are not. One, for instance, entitled 'Beautiful Extract,' by N. P. Willis, was published in our ninth volume, *not as original*, but cut from the columns of a common newspaper and credited to the author, appears in his September number now before us, without even the author's name; the 'Three Homes,' too we find in the same number, which we have seen before a thousand times, also 'Is he Rich,' which he may find in our third number, published July last, *not as original*—'Parental Hope,' by Mrs. Sigourney, is also an inmate of his September number, and should have been credited to the 'Albany Zodiac,' which was done by us with all our negligence. Now Mr. Editor do you claim all these as *original*? If not, as we can see nothing to designate 'Capt. John Smith' as original, more than a hundred others we might name, where is the offence? Surely not with us. If you had placed the word '*original*' over the head, or in any position where it could be visible to mortal eyes, or, as in the case of the 'Deerfield Mansion House' and others, said '*For the American Magazine*,' we should undoubtedly have given you credit, as it is, if you are entitled to it, and have not received it, the fault lies at your own door.

**DEATH BY CHARCOAL.**—On Wednesday evening last, two laboring men, boarding with a Mr. Bailey of this city, were suffocated by placing a furnace of charcoal in their bed-room. It appears that, being ignorant of the deleterious effects of burning charcoal, they had used it to warm their room, for the

purpose of sitting awhile before going to bed, and seating themselves on a chest, they were both found dead on the following morning. One had fallen partly on the bed and the other near the door, which he had probably attempted to reach. The names of the unfortunate men, who thus untimely perished, were James Frazier and Charles — They were both natives of Ireland and steady, industrious men.

**AWFUL CONFLAGRATION.**—The particulars of this most dreadful calamity have, through the medium of the public prints, already reached most of our readers. In the short space of eighteen hours, has the richest and most flourishing part of the city of New-York been laid in ruins! 'A space of between thirty and forty acres of ground,' says the New-York Spectator, 'which thirty-six hours ago was covered with the noblest mercantile houses in the Union, full of life, and activity, and riches, presents but one promiscuous heap of smouldering ruins—piles of brick and mortar—smoking timbers—masses of crumbling walls, and broken columns—mingled with fragments and piles of scorched and now worthless goods, in such quantities as to make the heart sad indeed.' It is computed that 674 buildings were destroyed, and the whole loss of property sustained is estimated at *fifteen millions of dollars*—But who can estimate the amount of suffering that must have been and is still to be endured by thousands in consequence of this almost unheard of devastation!

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

T. & M. Burlington, N. Y. \$2.00; P. C. New-Haven, Ct. \$1.00; N. W. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; B. B. Valatie, N. Y. \$2.00; A. H. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. W. Springfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. A. Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. \$0.62; J. R. B. Turbutville, Pa. \$2.00; R. B. J. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. M. Albany, N. Y. \$0.50; P. M. Redrock, N. Y. \$5.00.

### SUMMARY.

In consequence of the scarcity of lead in Texas, one gentleman took up the pipes of his aqueduct and run them into bullets. Many had converted the weights of their clocks to the same patriotic use, and even the ladies were engaged in moulding bullets, and other operations calculated to facilitate the great object the colonists have in view.

**USEFUL VOLUNTEERS.**—Among the number of those who sailed last week for Texas, were six West Point Cadets. It is stated in the Boston Mercantile Journal, that stoves, in which anthracite coal is burned, are introduced into some, if not all of the rail road passenger cars which are put upon the different routes from that city.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. William Thatcher, Mr. Royal Chase of Eastown, to Mary Carpenter of New-York.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. Charles G. Coffin, to Miss Elizabeth Abell, both of this city.

At Austerlitz, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dennison, Mr. Lorenzo Sawyer, to Miss Laura Ann Bullock, both of the above place.

In Port Schuyler, N. Y. on the 11th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Mr. Woods, Mr. Norman Millington of Gibbonsville, N. Y. to Miss Mary Bedell, daughter, of Gilbert C. Bedell Esq. of the former place.

At the same place, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bronk, Mr. John Herring, of Gibbonsville, N. Y. to Miss Polly Nye, of the former place.

In Troy on the 8th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Jacob M. Howard, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at law, of Detroit, M. T. to Miss Catharine A. Shaw, of Waterford, N. Y.

In South Shaftsbury, Vt. on the 25th of Oct. last by the Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Seth D. Spencer, to Miss Sally Matteson, all of the same place.

At Lee, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. J. W. Danforth, Mr. W. S. Churchill, of Stockbridge, to Miss Mary Taylor, of the former place.

At Port Gibson, Ontario county, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Easter, Mr. Jacob Snulpaugh, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Stephen Ailing, Esq. all of the above place.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. John Bennett, in the 77 year of her age.

On the 21st inst. Filetus Richmond, son of Henry and Hannah Richmond.

At Athens, suddenly, on the 20th inst. Timothy Bunker, an aged and respectable inhabitant of that village.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Winter.

The cold blasts of Winter sweep over the hills,  
And mountains and valleys are covered with snow;  
While frozen are rivers, and fountains, and rills:—  
No more through the valleys, soft-murmuring, they flow.

How changed is the prospect since Autumn was here,  
When hillsides and valleys were laden with fruit;  
Not an object is seen now the lone heart to cheer,  
Nor a sweet sound is heard, for the songsters are mute.

No more do we hear, at 'the peep of the dawn,'  
The woodlark and robin's melodious lay;  
No longer is heard the lone whippowill's song,  
When evening has spread round her mantle of gray.

The fair blooming maiden no longer is seen,  
Gay skipping the flower-bedecked valleys along—  
No longer the swain, on earth's mantle of green  
Reclining, chants sweetly his pastoral song.

The fields are all stript of their foliage so green,  
And naked the hillsides and valleys are laid,  
And where'er the breath of cold Winter has been  
The beauties of nature are now all decayed.

But though the dread Winter triumphantly reigns,  
And Nature's fair charms have all sunk to decay,  
Still at eve we'll oft meet the fair maidens and swains,  
And cheerfully pass the cold Winter away.

RURAL BARD.

## The Sick Child.

'O, MOTHER, when will morning come?  
A weeping creature said,  
As on a woe worn, withered breast,  
It laid its little head;  
And when it does, I hope 'twill be  
All pleasant, warm, and bright,  
And pay me for the many pangs  
I've felt this weary night.

'O mother, would you not, if rich,  
Like the Rector or the Squire,  
Burn a bright candle all the night,  
And keep a nice warm fire?  
O I should be so glad to see  
Their kind and cheerful glow!  
O then I should not feel the night  
So very long, I know.

'Tis true you fold me to your heart,  
And kiss me when I cry—  
And lift the cup unto my lip  
When I complain I'm dry.  
Across my shoulder your dear arm  
All-tenderly is pressed,  
And often I am lull'd to sleep  
By the throbbing of your breast.

'But 'twould be comfort would it not,  
For you as well as me  
To have a light—to have a fire—  
Perhaps—a cup of tea?  
I often think I should be well  
If these things were but so—  
For, mother, I remember once  
We had them—long ago.

'But you were not a widow then—  
I not an orphan boy;  
When father, (long ago) came home,  
I used to jump with joy.

I used to climb upon his knee,  
And cling about his neck,  
And listen while he told us tales  
Of battle and of wreck.

'O had we not a bright fire then!  
And such a many friends!  
Where are they all gone, mother dear,  
For no one to us sends?  
I think if some of them would come,  
We might know comfort now,  
Though of them all, not one could be  
Like him, I will allow.

'But he was sick, and then his wounds  
Would often give him pain,  
So that I cannot bear to wish  
Him with us once again.  
You say that we shall go to him  
In such a happy place—  
I wish it was this very night,  
That I might see his face!

The little murmurer's wish was heard,  
Before the morning broke,  
He slept the long and silent sleep,  
From which he never woke;  
Above the little, pale, worn thing  
The sailor's widow wept,  
And wondered how her lonely heart  
Its vital pulses kept!

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

## To my First Gray Hair.

Old age's twilight dawn hath come,  
Its first gray streak is here!  
Gray hair! thou'rt eloquent though dumb,  
And art, although forever mum,  
Pathetic as a tear!

Thou art a solemn joke! in sooth  
Enough to make one pout!  
Thou art not welcome—and in truth,  
Thy hue does not become my youth—  
Therefore, I'll pull thee out.

How tight you stick! I'm not in play—  
You melancholy thing!  
I'm young yet—and full many a day,  
I'll kiss the fresh-cheeked morns of May,  
And woo the blushing Spring.

Go, blossom on some grandsire's head—  
Ye waste your fragrance here.  
I'd rather wear a wig that's red  
With flaming locks, and radiance shed  
Around me, far and near.

I am not married—and gray hair  
Looks bad on bachelors.  
A smooth, unwrinkled brow I wear,—  
My teeth are sound—rheumatics rare—  
Therefore gray hairs are bores.

I want to stand upon the shore  
Of matrimony's sea,  
And watch the barks ride proudly o'er,  
Or go to wreck 'mid breakers' roar,  
Ere Hymen launches me.

But if my hair should change to gray,  
I cannot safely stand,  
And view the sea, and think of spray,  
Or flirt among the girls who play  
On wedded life's white strand.

My neck is quite too tick'lish yet,  
To wear the marriage yoke:  
And while my hair is black as jet,  
My heart can smoke Love's calumet,  
And not with griefs be broke.

Not long ago I was a boy—  
I can't be old so soon!  
My heart of maiden aunts is coy,  
And every pulse leaps wild with joy,  
On moonlight nights in June.

No spectacles surmount my nose—  
My blood is never cold—  
I have no gout about my toes—  
And every thing about me shows  
'Tis false—I am not old!

T. H. S.

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